

# The Republican.

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## BANKS—PAPER MONEY—STOCKS—FUNDING SYSTEM —FINANCE.

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To write at this moment, upon any other subject than the above, would be to shew an indifference toward public feeling, excited on a serious matter. The paper panic of the last fortnight has superseded every other consideration ; and the death of the Emperor of Russia is made subservient to it. Even my liberation has been worked in as one of the causes of this state of things ; for such was an observation made, to my surprise, by a country-gentleman not unskilled in politics. As far as study is necessary to understand this paper-money subject, I confess that I am ignorant ; for though I have read much upon it, I have thought but little. But I have uniformly entertained an idea, that it must be a bad state of things, as to legislation and government, which is to be kept in a constant state of fear about *the price of stocks*, and about an ephemeral property, which exists only in the imagination when fairly sought. The real property of the country is lost sight of in a constant attention to a gambling with that which is but a spiritual or evanescent property—a mere thing of the imagination. The spiritual things called stocks are evidently only convertible to real property upon a confined scale, or in a small degree ; if all were to seek that conversion, none would find it. You can only sell stocks when buyers are to be found. If no buyers were to be found, the thing ceases to exist, other than in the disposition of such a legislature, as may, from time to time, be formed, to tax the existing generation with the burthen of an interest for this nominal property. So long as there is a hope that such a legislature will be found, so long will there be a gambling, a buying and selling, and all sorts of tricks with respect to what are called stocks ; so long will there be no security for the industrious labourer, and so long will disappointment and misery be the predominant sensations of the people of this country. Real property, that which is only to be produced by labour, cannot compete with this nominal property created by a funding and banking system, and the former is unfairly, unjustly taxed, to support the mischievous existence of the latter.

It is probable, that what I have written has been written and spoken a thousand times before ; but so far, I have not copied.

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The foregoing sentences are a plain dealing man's view of the fictitious property called stocks or funds. I am now about to copy from, and to review, Mr. Paine's *Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance*. This pamphlet is confessedly Mr. Cobbett's text book on this subject, and I do not expect to educe any thing new from it, nor to do any thing more than to exhibit it in a strong light, at a moment when it will be read with more than usual attention. The pamphlet itself is sold at sixpence, and is well worth the perusal of all who are interested, as to their property, or in their depositings of property, in the public funds. It can be safely said of Mr. Paine, that his penetration was so great that he always took a correct view of all political affairs. He copied from no party men; he espoused not the interests of a few against that of the many; he looked fairly at men and things and sought to work out something new for the benefit of the majority; in fact, of mankind at large. This is no where more visible than in his new view of the English System of Finance.

Mr. Paine's opening paragraph is decisive of the question; it is thus:—"Nothing they say, is more certain than death, and nothing more uncertain than the time of dying; yet, we can always fix a period beyond which man cannot live, and within some moment of which he will die. We are enabled to do this, not by any spirit of prophecy or foresight into the event, but by observation of what has happened in all cases of human or animal existence. If, then, any other subject, such, for instance, as a System of Finance, exhibits in its progress, a series of symptoms indicating decay, its final dissolution is certain, and the period of it can be calculated from the symptoms it exhibits." If the reader can perceive that the National Debt has gone on increasing, if he can perceive, that there has been, in reality, no reduction during the ten years of peace, if he can see, that the late panic was, or is greater than any that occurred during the war, greater than any that has before happened, he may rest assured, that these are so many symptoms of decay, and that the system must eventually die, and be annihilated. The time *when* is as difficult as to say the time when a man will die, who is left to the ordinary course of events. I told Dr. England, the Archdeacon of Dorset, in February, 1822, that I then thought that the funding system would be broken up within four years, or by 1826, and the present panic is evidently one of its death-throes. The Doctor scouted the idea, and wished he had a few more thousands in the funds. The Gaoler seconded him. What do they now think?

Mr. Paine proceeds to shew the progress of the national debt with the progress of war, and his calculations with regard to the last war were quite within compass. In treating of it, he has the following observation, which has been verified to a certainty in the present year. He says!—"It will not be from the inability of pro-

curing loans that the system will break up. On the contrary, it is the facility with which loans can be procured, that hastens that event. The loans are altogether paper transactions, and it is the excess of them that bring on, with accelerating speed, that progressive depreciation of funded paper money that will dissolve the funding system." How very characteristic of the present year? Though our own government has not been borrowing money, the loans to foreign governments and the various Joint Stock Companies are similar indications.

It was observed by Mr. Paine and followed by Mr. Cobbett, as a certainty, that an abundant issue of paper money lessened the relative value of gold and silver with the necessaries of life and produced a general impoverishment among the mass of the people. Which is to be explained by saying, that, in consequence of the issue of paper money in abundance, the journeyman, whose nominal wages are twenty shillings per week, procures less and less of food and clothing with that twenty shillings, in proportion with the abundance of the issues of paper money. This is a matter in which it is somewhat difficult to shew the *why* and the *wherefore*, as the markets for such commodities, as are called the necessaries of life, are influenced by so many causes; but there has been an effect uniformly visible from the issues of paper money, and that effect has been to lessen the value of the wages of the labouring-man.

"Public credit," has been well remarked by Mr. Paine to be "*suspicion asleep*." Of this we have a proof, whenever there is a run upon the banks, whenever gold is asked in exchange for bank notes. While bank notes were a legal tender, banks were not so liable to be pressed, as the Bank of England or any other bank will issue its notes with more facility, and upon a different species of credit, than it will issue gold. Let the suspicion of the public be once fairly awaked, and away go all the banks, all the stocks, and all that wretched system of finance, by which knaves profit and by which the honest man is pillaged. There is no proportion between the gold and the paper money of the country, and our best political economists deprecate all issues of paper money that are not to be paid in gold with facility. Mr. Paine has a pretty illustration of this matter, he says:—"One of the amusements that has kept up the farce of the funding system is, that the interest is regularly paid. But as the interest is always paid in Bank Notes, and as Bank Notes can always be coined for the purpose, this mode of payment proves nothing. The point of proof is—can the Bank give cash for Bank Notes on which the interest is paid? If it cannot, and it is evident it cannot, some millions of Bank Notes must go without payment, and those holders of Bank Notes who apply last will be worst off. When the present quantity of cash in the Bank shall be paid away, it is next to impossible to see how any new quantity is to arrive. None will arrive.



from taxes, for the taxes will all be paid in Bank Notes; and should the government refuse Bank Notes in payment of taxes, the credit of Bank Notes will be gone at once. No cash will arrive from the business of discounting merchants' bills; for every merchant will pay off those bills in Bank Notes and not in cash. There is therefore no means left for the Bank to obtain a new supply of cash, after the present quantity be paid away."—This is clear at the present day, wherever the notes of a bank are brought in in quantities sufficient to exhaust the gold of the bank, it breaks, or in common phrase, stops its payments, and for the best of all reasons—*it has nothing left wherewith to pay*. The facility of issuing Bank Notes has made the managers of the Bank to feel themselves weighty men. They speculate beyond their real means, and, when pressed, feel the arrival of a time which they have not anticipated and which they scarcely thought possible.

The political changes produced by a failure in a system of finance are not the least important part of the matter, and, on this head, Mr. Paine narrates his experience thus:—"It is worthy of observation, that every case of a failure in finances, since the system of paper money began, has produced a revolution in government, either total or partial. A failure in the finances of France produced the French Revolution. A failure in the finance of the assignats broke up the Revolutionary Government, and produced the present French constitution. A failure in the finances of the old congress of America and the embarrassments it brought upon commerce, broke up the system of the old confederation and produced the present federal constitution. If, then, we admit of reasoning by comparison of causes and events, a failure in the English finance will produce some change in the government of that country." There is not a question but it will do so: and the sooner the better; for it is much wanted.

The Sinking Fund Bubble, for paying off the debt of the government, was thus aptly illustrated by Mr. Paine, in 1796. We have seen the effect as here stated:—"As to Mr. Pitt's project of paying off the national debt by applying a million a year for that purpose, while he continues adding more than twenty millions a year to it, it is like setting a man with a wooden leg to run after a hare. The longer he runs the farther he is off." And yet, what *solemn saws* have we heard from our legislature about this ridiculous *sinking fund*! Where is it now? The very name was a pun upon the reality of the thing—a *sinking fund*! All government funds are *sinking funds*.

This little pamphlet of Mr. Paine's is quite sufficient to communicate a full knowledge upon its subject. I never before read it with the same effect as at this moment. Almost every paragraph has its peculiar beauty and force. In proceeding, he observes:—"Though all the approaches to bankruptcy may actually exist in circumstances, they admit of being concealed by appear-



ances. Nothing is more common than to see the bankrupt of to-day a man of credit but the day before; yet no sooner is the real state of his affairs known, than every body can see he had been insolvent long before. In London, the greatest theatre of bankruptcy in Europe, this part of the subject will be well and feelingly understood." Particularly at this moment.

The following paragraph is beautifully illustrative of the subject: "Do we not see that nature, in all her operations, disowns the visionary basis upon which the funding system is built? She acts always by renewed successions, and never by accumulating additions perpetually progressing. Animals and vegetables, men and trees have existed ever since the world began; but, that existence has been carried on by succession of generations, and not by continuing the same men and the same trees in existence that existed first; and to make room for the new she removes the old. Every natural idiot can see this. It is the stock-jobbing idiot only that mistakes. He has conceived that art can do what nature cannot. He is teaching her a new system—that there is no occasion for man to die—that the scheme of creation can be carried on upon the plan of the funding system—that it can proceed by continual additions of new beings, like new loans, and all live together in eternal youth. Go, count the graves, thou idiot, and learn the folly of thy arithmetic!"

My last extract is made to show how strongly it was corroborated in the last week, by the connection of the Ministers with the Bank Directors. We are told, that they were in consultation by night and day, and the result we find to be an issue of paper-money. Mr. Paine has the following remark:—"There has always existed, and still exists, a mysterious, suspicious connection, between the Minister and the Directors of the Bank, and which explains itself no otherwise than by a continual increase of Bank Notes." This is their panacea; but still their patient must die and their medical applications go on to be less and less availing.

RICHARD CARLILE.

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### DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE GREEK PHILOSOPHER EPICTETUS AND HIS SON.

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*Epictetus.* I feel death fast approaching, I have not many minutes to live. You may retain a pleasing remembrance of me my son, for I have employed my time and all the talents I possessed in trying to improve [the world and in endeavouring to diminish the extent of human suffering. I expect, however, that you will not dishonour my memory by giving vent to useless tears and lamentations—I expect you will follow the path I have traced out, and lend your assistance towards banishing vice and misery from the world by enlightening the multitude. I die con-

tented and with feelings of satisfaction, when I think my means of doing good will not be ended by my death; as I shall leave behind me in the person of my son, a willing and sincere agent in the great and good cause of exterminating ignorance; and in teaching people to exert their understanding; and to think and judge for themselves. Let me hear you declare that your sole aim will be to ameliorate, by dispelling ignorance, the condition of mankind.

*Son.* You may die happy my honoured father, for rest assured after the noble example you have given me, I shall think no other pursuit worthy of my attention and time. But you seem to have no apprehensions at the approach of death, do you feel no regret at quitting all sensation?

*E.* Wherefore should I feel regret at a circumstance beyond all human control. Could I avert it by regret, there would be some reason for regretting, and I should make no scruple to use those means of prolonging my stay here, since I can still employ myself usefully for my fellow creatures. But as I have no control over the event, I suffer no whining to disturb my last few hours of existence—But let me ask you, wherefore should I feel any apprehensions at dying?

*Son.* Because it appears to me, that you are on the brink either of total annihilation, and *that* sensation shrinks from; or you are on the eve of a new state of existence. It is the total ignorance of what is going to happen to you, that should raise the feelings of apprehension.

*E.* If I am, as you say, in total ignorance upon the subject there is not the shadow of a reason for alarm, for no alarm will dispel that ignorance—What is death, my son? wherefore should the death of a man cause more anxiety than the death of any of the other more intelligent animals? All the knowledge that we can gather from experience, regarding death, is, that we are deprived of all sensation. Now without sensation what have we to fear? Death can only act in three different ways. I must either have a continuation of the sensation which I have already experienced in this life, or, I must be deprived of sensation altogether; or lastly, I must have other and new sensations. Now, if I have a continuation of the sensations of this life, I am not in ignorance by being able to appreciate them, cannot possibly have any alarm, since by possessing such sensations my life will be merely in a state of prolongation. If, as in the second case, I am totally deprived of sensation, what have I to apprehend? Nothing can happen to me, that can be of any consequence, since, I shall no longer possess the capability of feeling, and therefore pleasure or pain will be equally negative in their efforts upon me. If, as in the last case, I have other sensations given to me, perfectly different from any of those I have hitherto experienced, I am again relieved from all apprehensions; because to feel those new sensa-

tions, I must be remodelled, must become a different creature altogether.—Why then should I feel any apprehensions for entering into a state of which I cannot have the remotest idea?

*Son.* Your reasons are unanswerable. To the philosopher, death has no more terror, than his nightly slumbers. But this new sect who have come out of Palestine, and who preach a continuation of existence after death, seem to think that the present sensations will also continue, and it is through these means that punishment will be inflicted for bad conduct here.

*E.* What! is there any sect of people from Judea reviving the superstitions and fables of the poets? I thought it belonged exclusively to the poets to wander beyond the limits of real knowledge.

*Son.* You have always taught me that the word *virtue* had no meaning attached to it, without it meant a course of actions beneficial to mankind, in extending the general happiness, by pointing out the paths that lead to the pleasurable sensations, and by teaching others to avoid the roads that conduct to the painful sensations. But this new sect from Palestine makes virtue to consist in very useless and I might add mischievous actions. In fact it is quite of a new species that I never have heard of before.

*E.* Do these people inculcate doctrines that do not tend to promote human happiness? What is this new sect?

*Son.* It is composed of Jews who sell rags and love charms, and who were notorious at Rome for passing bad and false money.

*E.* Do they teach virtue by the same rule, as they weigh their money?

*Son.* They do not make virtue to consist in a train of actions useful to promote human happiness, they place it in circumcising themselves; and they say you cannot be a good man unless you are dipped in or sprinkled with water, by one of their priests, who repeats certain magical words over you, as "I put you in the water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." But even upon this point they are not agreed. They have partly divided into Circumcisers, and water sprinklers: some say cutting off the foreskin makes the party a virtuous character, others say, there is no need to perform this operation. One party affirms water to be absolutely spiritual to form the good man; the others ridicule this, and say it is of no consequence. But they all agree upon one point, they unanimously preach that we must give *them* money.

*E.* The ceremonies you have been telling me, only merit laughter and contempt. But wherefore do they require money? Do they perform any labours that merit the reward? Do they ask for money in order to employ it in acts useful to society?

*Son.* Ah! my father, this sect makes a very different applica-



tion of it. They apply it to purposes of self aggrandisement. Not only do they exact our contributions, but they require we should deliver up to them every thing we possess even to the last obole.

*E.* Nay, do not joke with me, nor try to impose upon me. There is but one class of people in society who act in this manner, and they are thieves by profession. Such people it is our duty to bring before the tribunals of justice. Has any person denounced this sect according to its deserts?

*Son.* Your question makes me smile! they do not call themselves thieves, but they would rather compare themselves to merchants who give the finest commodity in the world for money; for they promise in exchange for it, a never ending life. If, in bringing your wealth to them, you keep back only enough to subsist your wife and children with the commonest diet, they pretend to have the power to make you drop down dead instantly. By the influence of fear, they work so upon the timid minded and uneducated part of the people, that they are believed.

*E.* These people are worse than absurd, they are assassins to the peace of society. The authorities should cleanse the city of such propagators of vice and misery.

*Son.* By dealing in the marvellous and mysterious they have obtained a strong hold over the imagination of the ignorant people. It is believed that they are great magicians who hold human life at their command; that they can kill by a word; and this sect declare they have such power, and that they obtained this power, from the person whom they stile the father, through the medium of the Son. One of their proselytes, who smelt most offensively, but who preached in the suburbs and out houses of the city with much success, told me, that one of his relations called Ananias having sold his farm, to please the son in the name of the father (this is the magical term these people make use of) brought the money to one of their head priests called Barjona; but, as Ananias had not lost his appetite, because he had been sprinkled with water, and had had the magical names pronounced over him, he kept back a small portion of the money produced by the sale for food for his family, and for doing this, Barjona punished him with death upon the spot. His wife came in afterwards, and Barjona made her die also, only by pronouncing a single word.

*E.* My son, if you are speaking the truth to me, these people are the most abominable and barefaced criminals upon the face of the earth. But it strikes me that you have been imposed upon and that these stories are too ridiculous to be true.

*Son.* Oh no, my father, all that I relate to you is openly taught and implicitly believed by this sect. Moreover they have the impudence to try to persuade people that if they obtain from

them a promise of this eternal bliss for their money they have the better bargain of the two.

*E.* This doctrine supposes the existence of a God, but admitting that existence, can we imagine him worse than the worst of mankind? for such this doctrine makes him. Can we suppose that if eternal bliss or life, was to be the portion of part of the living animals who cover the face of the earth, that that device would not have been long ago known to man, as surely as he knows that he must die, so that I, you, and all the men and women who have lived before us in all parts of the world, would have been able to be partakers of it? Does not it carry the stain of falsehood strongly marked upon it, when we remember that it proceeds from the most immoral people of Asia who dwell in an unfrequented corner of the earth? and it is astonishing it should have obtained the least credence. But of what use is this doctrine proposed to be of to mankind.

*Son.* By holding out the belief of reward and punishment in a life to come, it is proposed to diminish crime in this life, from the fear of the anticipation of what may await us hereafter.

*E.* Oh the inconceivable folly of mankind! Do these idiots bring forward this short-sighted and cruel doctrine, as a proof of the wisdom and benevolence of their God?

*Son.* They say that God himself visited earth to declare it.

*E.* I do not know which to admire most, the lying fabrication, or the folly of the doctrine, the injustice, or the malevolence! They propose to prevent crime, first by postponing the punishment due to it, to a time when the perpetrator shall no longer be able to commit it, and secondly, by giving them so heavy a quantity as to be out of all proportion to the crime. Experience in legislation has taught men that the only way to lessen crime, is to administer the proper chastisement immediately upon its commission; and that by so doing, by rendering the punishment immediate and certain, less cruel and barbarous punishments will suffice, because a small *immediate* punishment has more effect in deterring men from committing crimes, than a heavy deferred one. It is imperatively required by the laws of benevolence, that if evil is a necessary means to our end, every expedient should be made use of to reduce it to the smallest quantity possible. It is cruelty, it belongs only to a malignant nature, to apply evil in a way which demands a larger quantity than would have otherwise sufficed. To try at once the amazing absurdity and uselessness of this doctrine, let us suppose that the Athenians should pass a law by which they enacted that no act of theft should be investigated or punished, until twenty or more years had passed after the commission, or till the life of the thief was near its end. Is it not evident that in this case all punishment however dreadful would be destitute of power? Philosophy teaches us to apply the penalty due to bad actions, as surely and instantly, as

when we put our finger into the fire, we are burned for our folly. Would it not be wicked beyond expression, if, instead of the immediate slight burn our finger receives upon touching the flames, the pain should be postponed for a few years, in order, that we might lose our arm, or life by the fire only then taking effect?

*Son.* I fully agree with you, my father, and I wish some of these poor deluded people could have the benefit of your remarks. How soon would the truth of your reasonings dispel the error into which these wretched men plunge the multitude. Besides these doctrines, this sect as usual pretends to perform miracles; you shrug your shoulders my father, and I do not wonder at it.

*E.* The ignorant delight in the marvellous.—The less prevalent you find knowledge, the more you will find fable and superstition prevail.—But have these Jews admitted you to see the performance of one?

*Son.* Oh no, philosophers, and those who love reason and truth better than fable and lies, never are permitted to enter into the mysterious depths of miracles, but I have spoken to many people, both men and women, who tell me, that many of their gossips and grandmothers have been witnesses of them.

*E.* Enough, enough of their absurdities. What moral precepts do this sect inculcate?

*Son.* I will repeat some of them, and you shall judge how far they are entitled to adoption. First, they say, that a man of property cannot be a good man, and they exemplify this precept by saying, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to inherit the life that is to come, in what they call the kingdom of heaven, (I suppose they mean a sort of garden for the reception of resurrectionists.) It is very clear that it is for the interest of these priests that the rich and people of moderate property should believe them, because in proportion as these latter make themselves beggars, so do the former secure the possession of good things that they otherwise must labour to obtain.

2. That only fools, and those poor in spirit, and wanting information, in fact only such as are ignorant like little children will be happy, or, as they call it, blessed.

3. That if people do not like their father and their mother, and relations for the sake of these doctrines, they never will be permitted to enter the kingdom or garden.

4. That the preachers come to bring war, not peace.

5. That when any person is inclined to give a marriage feast, he must force all the strangers, and chance passengers into the house to come to the feast; and all those amongst this chance medley who are not prepared with a nuptial robe, are to be cast out in a dungeon.

*E.* My life draws rapidly to a close, but I am filled with grief



and indignation at the recital of these enormities and mischievous follies. Most imperatively are you called upon, my beloved son, to exert yourself to instruct your poorer brethren, and indeed mankind in general, and to shew them the errors and falsehoods that are attempted to be imposed upon them. Guide them to seek out happiness by acquiring the knowledge requisite to diminish the mass of misery that surrounds them, teach them to be just and kind, and to assist each other in misfortune; engage them to the performance of acts useful to encrease the sum of human happiness. Alas! I foresee vice and misery will continue long in the world if this superstition becomes predominant. Let me be assured that the son of Epictetus will devote his life to the removal of ignorance generally from among mankind. To stop the tide of these absurdities is not possible by any other means than by instructing the reasoning faculties; and by teaching to the world a good and sound morality. Such errors and superstitions may prevail for some years—nay even for some centuries, but reason and truth will prevail at last. Farewell!

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#### RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

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I HAVE published, as an extract from Elihu Palmer's periodical work, "The Moral World," a similar description to the following, of a Methodistical Revival Meeting. This may be considered as a proof that religion still flourishes as a baneful weed in the wilds of America, sending its baleful exhalations into the cities.

R. C.

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#### TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

London, Nov. 7, 1825.

You will conceive that I am disposed to represent the United States in the best light, and I truly think that America is the country towards which we may look with the hope of freedom and good sense being established, at present, I must admit, that the population there are very generally the subjects of ignorance and fanaticism. Perhaps it will interest you to read the following Extract from the Letter of a New York friend, lately returned from a visit to his relatives in the state of Ohio, he was accompanied by his friend Pierre.

"The people around my brother's settlement are good-natured and friendly, but there is so much religious cant, and that too of the very worst order (Methodism), that I became at first irritated, and then disgusted. There had been a revival, as it is called, just before we came out, so that we saw the work of grace in full vigour during our stay. My youngest brother became a subject of it to my sorrow. He had been very wild, and foolishly attended their meeting to laugh at them, when, lo! the power of God, as they called it, seized him, and he began to experience conviction, and at last was converted! His health was almost ruined when I arrived, owing to his having for weeks been up late at night praying with

the godly of the neighbourhood, and no entreaties on the part of the family (who weakly refused to exert any authority over him, from a childish regard to the opinions of their neighbours) could induce him to stay at home. When I came, I kept him at home as much as I could, and made no scruple of openly ridiculing his phrenzy. At last came a camp meeting. It was near my brother's, and I attended every day, and had the mortification of seeing my brother joining the herd in shouting the praises of God, and worshipping him more like negroes in our city, than like rational beings. One night I was at the upper end of the camp-ground amidst a circle of the pious missionaries, all the family were at the lower part near the altar where the work was going on gloriously, when Pierre came running to me, and told me to hasten down for they had my brother Abraham (the new convert) in their clutches. I sprang down and found my brother exhausted on the ground uttering broken praises to God, while a parcel of sanctified methodists were singing over him and watching the progress of the power. Need I assure you that I cleared away a host from before me, and carried him out of the magic circle. My youngest sister was so frightened that she leaped from the pulpit to the ground at the risk of her limbs, and ran crying towards us. By this time all the camp ground was in an uproar, but we mustered too strong for them, and bore him off to the woods. One Methodist preacher ran after us, attended by some of his flock, and seizing on Abraham, asked him if he wished to leave the ground. The poor boy was so exhausted by his late religious efforts, that he could not answer, but I answered by tearing the preacher off from him and knocking him down on the spot! We left him lying there, and by the aid of a pine-torch that one of our party procured, we bore the boy off home, and encamped round his bed all night, lest he should steal back to them. We were all of course, after this, spoken of as deserving an immediate visitation of divine anger, but we laughed them all to scorn. The impudent rascals, before I came up, dared to tell my sister that the Lord would sweep her off from the face of the earth, for not hearkening to their cant, and one of them actually prayed that she and her husband might be speedily taken away as cumberers of the ground! Is not this insufferable? Were I to locate myself there with a chosen few, I would drive far away from me such canting scoundrels. They have played the devil with my brothers; both of their wives belong to their society, and these hypocrites, or fools, thrust themselves into their houses, and condescendingly implore God to awaken them from their mad slumber, and drag them from the horrible pit, and this miry clay in which they are wallowing. I do not believe that the state of society where my brother lives is worse than in other sections of the country. Wherever we went we were obliged to erect the standard of Deism in self defence. I would preach up those principles if they pushed us hard, and that would frighten even the devil away. We should be finely off if we were to marry country girls that would turn methodists. How would you like to have every beggarly wood-chopper call your wife sister?"

The following hymns also, which I copied from the Lexington Hymn Book, edition of 1803, will further serve to acquaint you with the state of things in America.

#### THE PORTION OF SINNERS.

Behold that great and awful day  
Of parting soon will come,  
When sinners must be hurl'd away,  
And Christians gathered home!

Those one with Dives for water cry,  
 And gnaw their tongues in pain,  
 They gnash their teeth, and crisp, and fry,  
 And wring their hands in vain.

Now hail! all hail! ye frightful ghosts  
 With whom I once did dwell,  
 And spent my days in frantic mirth,  
 And danc'd my soul to hell!

You me about the flood did drag,  
 And caus'd my soul to sin;  
 And devils now your mouth shall gag,  
 And force the fuel in!

Perhaps the parent sees the child  
 Sink down to endless flame,  
 With shrieks, and howls, and bitter cries,  
 Never to rise again.

O father! see my blazing hands!  
 Mother! behold your child!  
 Against you now a witness stands  
 Amidst the flames confin'd!

The child, perhaps, the parents view,  
 Go headlong down to hell;  
 Gone with the rest to Satan's crew,  
 And bid the child farewell!

The husband sees his piteous wife  
 With whom he once did dwell,  
 Depart with groans and bitter cries,  
 "My husband! fare you well!"

But O, perhaps, the wife may see  
 The man she once did love,  
 Sink down to endless misery,  
 Whilst she is crown'd above!

Then shall the saints through grace combin'd,  
 Drink in eternal love:  
 In Jesus image there to shine,  
 And reign with him above!

#### SAME SUBJECT.

Come all ye poor sinners that from Adam came,  
 Ye poor, and ye blind, and ye halt, and ye lame,  
 Close in with the gospel, upon its own terms,  
 Or you'll burn for ever like poor mortal worms.

When the Lord shall descend with a shout from above,  
 And call down his saints to bless them with his love,  
 And you not renew'd in your souls by his grace,  
 Away you must turn with a sorrowful face.

For if you deny Christ, he will deny you,  
 You'll be found on his left hand with the wicked crew;  
 In horror and in torment for ever you'll lie,  
 In vain then for mercy, in vain you must cry.



## ALL IS VANITY.

Tho' sinners would vex me,  
 And trouble perplex me,  
 Against inclination ah! what shall I do,  
 No longer a rover,  
 My follies are over,  
 For one thing is needful, and that I'll pursue.  
 Vain pleasure's deceitful,  
 Sin to me is hateful,  
 But more lasting pleasure I hope for to find,  
 This world is a bubble,  
 A life full of trouble,  
 My thoughts now fly upwards and leave all behind.  
 The bells are a tolling,  
 The wheels are a rolling,  
 Some gallant gay fair one goes to her long home;  
 If dead out of Jesus  
 The Lord will not save us,  
 And to live in glory we never can come.  
 My soul starts with wonder,  
 To think how the thunder  
 Will shake all creation at the angel's call,  
 Time is now no longer,  
 The aged and younger  
 Shall hear the dread sentence, for Christ's all in all.  
 Behold how divided,  
 The judgment decided,  
 Poor sinners bewailing their folly in hell,  
 But glory to Jesus,  
 Believing he'll save us,  
 With angels in glory his praises we'll swell.

These may give you some idea of the miserable state in which intellect exists pretty generally in America. There is, however, every reason to hope that a better order of thinking may gain ground there in time. The Universalists are already fast multiplying in the New England States, and a schism has lately occurred amongst the Quakers of New York and Pennsylvania. One of their preachers, named Elias Hicks, has proclaimed the fabulous origin of the earlier parts of Bible History. Mr. Fellowes introduced a quotation from his published sermons into the preface of the late edition of Mr. Paine's "Age of Reason." I believe you have a copy of that edition.

Deism, as you say, is not a much less objectionable form of religion, than any other of her hideous forms. Its influence on the mind is the same, and the same results are produced under whatever view is taken of a fancied Author of Existence. It is ignorance persisted in owing to the prejudices and fears instilled by false education, and the impressions confirmed by the general infection prevailing in society. Tyrants and priests maintain the delusion. The man who proclaims the inconsistency of established belief with natural facts is immediately proscribed and crushed. The simple fact, that it is not possible for an uncircumscribed expanse to be comprehended and controuled, is sufficient to shew the absurdity of

belief in a God: the truth cannot be too often reiterated in your publication. I should like to see a well-drawn answer to the argument of Dr. Sam. Clark for the existence of a Deity.

Have you in your possession the small work written by Percy Bysshe Shelley, which gave occasion for his expulsion from college.

I am, dear Sir, with much regard,

F. P.

In my late voyage from America, one of my companions was the secretary to the Columbian Congress from Bogota, and I was pleased to find in his possession an Abridgment of Dupuis in Spanish.

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TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, 135, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

DEAR SIR,

Bolton, Dec. 6, 1825.

IN the name of the Republicans of Bolton, allow me the liberty of congratulating you on your *happy deliverance* from a *merciless gang* of CHRISTIAN ROBBERS, and on your complete triumph over an *accursed* PRIESTHOOD. Your SIX YEARS of *imprisonment* will be a *stigma* on his Majesty's advisers, and will be read by future generations with horror and disgust. But you have triumphed; you have taught mankind a lesson, that, if they, in reality, wish to be free, they have nothing to do but will it. You have likewise taught them to take no opinions upon trust, and not to rest on the mere words of a horde of mercenary priests; but to call upon them to give proofs of the authenticity of that religion, by the means of which, they have so long, and so successfully *stultified* the minds, and *enslaved* the bodies, of an *ignorant* and *unsuspecting people*. Happy would it be for mankind in general, if they would act in conformity to the spirit of this lesson. If they were to do this: we may soon bid an eternal adieu to the many numberless *moral* evils (aye, and some *physical* ones too) which have so long disgraced and brutalized the greater part of mankind.

The bright beams of *science* are now rising above the *moral horizon*, and have already begun to break through and dispel the dark thick clouds of *ignorance*, and *superstition*. Let us fondly anticipate, that their benign, *all-cheering*, and benevolent influence will never again be obliterated;—but that they may majestically spread through the *moral* and *intellectual* world; till the happiness of man be as complete, as the nature of his organization will admit. What a sublime and beautiful prospect it is to the *philanthropic* mind, to look forward into future ages, and contemplate the supreme bliss of his fellows! No *tyrant King* to awe them into obedience to *absolute* and *despotic* laws; no *cruel* and *deceitful* PRIEST, to *hoodwink* and *frighten* them into his *base* and *wicked* designs, by preaching up to their weak and bewildered imaginations, the horrible idea of a *jealous*, *vengeful*, and *vindictive* God. No cruel persecutions, no bloody massacres, no torturings, no hangings, no burning for the glory of a DEMON GOD, and for the honour of as mischievous and as detestable a religion, as ever was or ever could be invented: a religion that encourages every species of *vice*, by holding out to its deluded followers, the hope of a future state of never-ending happiness: only to be obtained by those *happy mortals*, who are so *fortunate* as to be able to stifle their *reason*, and blindly to pay implicit obedience to the Priest: and, that “*there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance!*” I challenge the world, to produce one sentence half as immoral as this; one, that has a greater tendency to demoralize mankind, and make them the *willing votaries*

of vice and crime. I defy all the art and sophistry of the whole combination of Priestcraft to make it appear that any other meaning can be attached to it than the following;—*The greater the crime, the greater will be the reward. Match this who can!* If it cannot be matched, why should I express a doubt, when I am certain it cannot be done? then let us hear no more babbling about the horrors of Atheism, nor of the evil consequences attending the non-belief in a conscious state of future identity.

But I have digressed from the original intention of this letter. Whenever religion happens to cross my path, this is going to be a "slip," in colloquial conversation, "God only knows," when I shall have done. Shebago says, that he is "but a weak advocate," but were I able to wield a pen in such a masterly manner as he can do, I would trouble, if not *benefit*, the world with more of my "daily and nocturnal lucubrations."

Your friends, here, stand on the very tiptoe of impatience, anxious to see you; and *peremptorily* call upon you to redeem your pledge, "never wilfully mispledged," "tak' your ain words back again," that you would, when you had the power of *locomotion*, visit every town, village, and hamlet, that contained any of your openly avowed friends.\* With this you will receive a number of the Bolton Chronicle, in which are contained a few observations on the subject of your liberation, which I thought worthy of your notice.† I do not agree with the whole of the remarks; but, taking a variety of local circumstances into consideration, they are decent, and confer an honour on the Editor. You will likewise receive a few verses made on first hearing of your liberation, by an acquaintance of mine, and a bold advocate for Materialism. Yours, with every sentiment of respect,

JOHN CAMERON.

\* I will move for this purpose early in the spring.—R. C.

† I was much pleased with this article. It is one of the best and most candid that I have seen upon the subject.—R. C.

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. CARLILE,

ON HEARING OF HIS LIBERATION FROM DORCHESTER BASIL.

THRICE welcome, my friend, from the gaol's dreary cell,  
Wherein thou hast long been *unjustly* confined,  
And welcome among us once more for to dwell,  
Thou *firm* friend to truth, and to freedom of mind,  
Awaked to the wrongs of an *injured* world,  
In darkness, and chains, under PRIESTLY controul,  
Thou *boldly* step'd forth, and the *banner* unfurl'd  
Of *reason*, and *light*, to awaken the WHOLE.

And thousands emerge every day from the *gloom*,  
With anticipations of joy in the time,  
When black *superstition* and PRIESTCRAFT shall come  
To be *banish'd* for *ever*, from every CLIME.

And mayest thou live to behold it complete,  
And reap thy reward (who *alone* gave it birth),  
When every bosom toward thee must beat,  
With feelings of *gratitude* over the earth.

I am, dear Sir, your sincere WELL WISHER, and one who dares  
OPENLY to speak his mind, ROBERT BLAIR, AN ATHEIST.  
Bolton, Nov. 26, 1825.



## MISSIONARIES.

*Owyhee—Captain Cook—Tomyomyo—The Cape Coast Missionary Embassy  
—The King of the Ashantees—Mr. Hutton, &c.*

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I HAVE something to say about these people, having had my eye upon them for nearly thirty years; but scarcely considering them worthy of the notice of a sensible man.

This was wrong. It is by over looking trifling incidents and minute occurrences, that we suffer faults, follies, and errors to become spreading abuses, solid vices, and invincible crimes. Under the specious pretence and imposing idea of civilizing the barbarous and rendering the destitute comfortable, of introducing the arts and sciences of polished life, among the savage and the ignorant, and teaching the wild and uncultivated the benefits of experience and wisdom, the missionaries first set out on their laudable, dangerous, and arduous undertaking; and whatever might have been the design of the first projectors, it was cloaked under the modest veil of devotion and humanity.

To assist the friendless, to give knowledge to the ignorant, to instil into the brutal savage ideas of moderation, equity and justice, to teach the forlorn children of nature, the mild and salutary doctrines of social intercourse, civil right, moral obligations, the benefit of just and impartial laws, the beauty of order, and the peace, security, interest and happiness of the whole, established on and combined with the welfare of the individual—in short, to teach economy, regularity, sobriety, honesty, truth, chastity and industry, to the savage of the wood, or the barbarian of the desert, seemed to be the ostensible motive, firm resolution and exalted duty of the philanthropic and devoted missionary. At least, such was the public opinion of the benign undertaking.

In order to carry such a design forward with success, it would, in the first place, be absolutely necessary, that the missionaries should be men of good character, liberal education and masters of some trade or useful calling, and be both able and willing to work for their sustenance, so that they should be no burden to the poor savages; that they might at the same time show them the excellent example of independence, the domestic virtues of patience, cheerfulness, constancy in labour, and the forethought which insures success in whatever we undertake, the pleasing prospects arising from necessary industry, and the value of personal labour. They should, by their behaviour, gain the good will of their neighbours and convince them of their superiority, before they presume to dictate any thing for their interest or observance.

This I know from experience, would have been easily done, at least, in all the vast range of beautiful islands in the North  
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and South Pacific Oceans. Where the natives are mild, gentle, docile and curious, and where abortive experiments have been made by the worthy missionaries. Of these, I shall speak here, and see whether *Messieurs les Missionaries* will prove my statement of facts a miserable fabrication like their own lying letters and insane journals.

I have described such a man as a missionary ought to be. Were, or are, the men sent out on the missionary business any way so qualified? No! I knew several of them personally, many more from report, and true saints of the new school they were, and in general as fair candidates for Tyburn and Botany Bay as ever was a foot-link that crossed the herring-brook. They were chiefly half-bred tradesmen of the weaver-breed, ignorant of every thing but Bible knowledge, incapable of an idea beyond Scripture tactics. They knew by rote how to spiritualize the holy text to suit every occasion of fraud, chicanery and laziness. They were vain, conceited, proud, foolish, and obstinate; prone to drunkenness, full of contradiction, quarrelsome and lascivious.

Now to the proofs. Now for the progress of the divine missionaries.

In the year of the Christian imposition, 1795, the missionary's ship, *Duff*, Captain Thomas Wilson, commander, sailed from London with a cargo of missionary priests, bound for the Sandwich and Friendly Islands, and to visit the north west coast of America, to try if any impression could be made on the Indian tribes. They carried various toys to attract the natives, and thought, ignorant fools as they were, that a race of hardy warriors, endued with strong sense and acute perceptibility, would be pleased with beads, ribands, buttons, seals, lockets, and other trinkets, which only find acceptance in the eyes of girls, children, and highly spoiled ladies. Not one thing of value or use was sent out, but the most trifling baubles which imbecility could collect, or idiotic vanity receive, which the women and children alone accepted, and which trash, by the advice or command of their husbands, they flung on board the ship the next day. The ferocious looks, forbidding manners, and determined behaviour of these independent savages, warned the devout priests of the holy mission, that they had nothing to expect but the crown of martyrdom, and they discreetly declined the honour and glory of such merespirtuality, and sailed away to communicate the glad tidings to the more placable natives of the Society and Friendly Islands.

About twenty of these Bible and Testament heroes were, by the consent of Tomyomyo, the king of Owyhee, landed upon that island. His majesty's reception of the raggamuffins was highly gratifying to men of their taste and very limited knowledge. He received them as schoolmasters sent by a friend who recommended them for their learning and abilities to instruct his ignorant subjects. He bestowed on each pastor two men's share of land,

to grow yams, plantains, and terra, a hut to live in, ordered two men to attend upon them, the one to fish and the other to perform their husbandry, and told them with a smile, that the women would furnish them with that necessary article a wife with pleasure; and he hoped that they would by their precepts and good example soon make all his people happy. Captain Wilson, was commonly called the *Christian*, by the ship-captains who knew him abroad, chiefly in China, for his affected piety, impertinent and foolish admonitions, and constant recurrence to Testament precepts and phrases. His ship was a heavenly torment on earth, or rather water, to the seamen on board. They had prayer three times a day, and perpetual psalm-singing. The forfeit of an oath was a shilling for the first, half a crown for the second, five shillings for the third, and the fourth exhibited a receipt in full for all wages due for the vessel, with loss of chest, clothing and other property on board. The captain's watch-coat was generously hung up against the after part of the mizen mast, for the benefit of the man at the helm, and was composed of a plate of copper, whereon were engraved in legible characters, the words "The Captain's Watch Coat, Faith Hope, Charity, Fortitude, Constancy, Grace, through the Lord Jesus, and good will towards men." I saw it in the Typa near Macao, where the heavenly ship got a-ground, while I, and a few other sinners, were employed in getting her afloat. I beg pardon for self; but it is worth observing by the way, that, in the course of my morning and forenoon's labour, some hasty damns escaped my unhallowed lips, which marked me for a son of Belial, and left the whole of the labour to me and the men under my authority, and when the ship was secured, or, at least, in a place of safety, the dinner prayer was said; but the hospitality of the saints could not be extended to such a reprobate as I was, and I was actually desired neither to profane their mess nor to contaminate the steerage, and my men were equally as careful not to be contaminated by them. They staid in the boat, and I read the captain's watch coat with the relish of a connoisseur for an Otho Note. My men were Musselmen, strongly tinctured with Bramanism; but although they would not eat with me, they, with modest hospitality, sent one up to place some of their kedgerees on the capstan for my acceptance. Take that as a real picture of a brace of religions. Captain Wilson exhorted his pious gang of priests to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves, and committed them cheerfully to the protection of the fourth Christian god, Providence, and the hospitality of the savages; among whom, instead of doing as they were advised and as sense and reason would have dictated, they were, in a little time, notorious for being as indolent as oxen, as stupid as asses, as vain as peacocks, as mischievous as monkeys, and as lascivious as goats—foolish, curious, and rapacious. Every man had two or three wives, and whatever they



saw which suited their fancy, they claimed without scruple, and obtained without difficulty; for the good-natured islanders humoured them like children, and the magnanimous monarch smiled at their propensities, however puerile or unreasonable, and indulged them to a point of weakness, often observing to some of his courtiers, that they would learn better in time, and that his people and they would come to a good understanding:—that they were strangers, who had come a great way to do his people good, and that they must have their own way until the manners and customs of the country became known and familiar to them. The king imagined, that much good would accrue from the conversation and instruction of men who had come so far to educate his ignorant people, men who had come disinterestedly from the greatest nation in the world, the seat of art and science, the cradle of liberty, the foster-mother of freedom, the land of tolerance, the asylum of the distressed, the foe of tyranny and oppression, the friend, promoter and patron of truth, trade, religion and happiness. He patiently waited in ardent hope of seeing schools established, infant factories set on foot, mechanic arts set in motion, and a resemblance of trade, learning and industry, dawning under the pleasant shade of plantain, cocoa, and palm trees. But he was most woefully mistaken; the arts laid dormant, science slept far from the pleasing shores of Owyhee, and the square, and the plummet, and the level, the plane, the shuttle, and the pen, were doomed to experience the most mortifying neglect, and wait for a more propitious era to call them into life and action. Even rum, of which the wretches were so fond, that they would have sold themselves to their devil to procure it, they either wanted the skill or industry to make, although the finest sugar canes in the world grow there in abundance.\* Their proceedings were truly worthy of being recorded in a Missionary Journal, and shall in part, be related by their unworthy memorialist. The voluptuous savages of the islands listened with strange pleasure, and the most earnest attention, *to the wonderful tales, astonishing events*, and surprising miracles, related by their semi-barbarous, ill-informed, half fanatic, half lunatic, half foolish and half knavish instructors; every one of whom, according to his fancy, imagined himself a Saint Antony, a Saint Paul, a Saint John or a Saint James; and if they did not indeed style themselves evangelists, they, at least, understood themselves to be privileged apostles of Christ, sent forth to preach the word *which was good*, to such as would hear it, yea, to the forlorn children of sin, the sons of the great ocean; on whom their prayers and preachings were to fall as the dews of heaven on the burning desert, or as the latter rain

\* An old scorbutic seaman left there for the benefit of his health, distilled the first spirit ever made on the island, from the juice of the cane, with a curious contrivance of a still made with an iron pot and an old gun barrel.

upon the parched earth. They recounted the mode and process of the creation; the manufacture of the man out of clay by the divine artist, and the curious and somewhat barbarous method of modelling and working the perfection of female form and beauty out of a crooked bone, torn from the bleeding side of the male animal, as if Omnipotent power could find nothing else of which to make a woman. They descanted on the garden of Eden, the primitive condition of our first parents, their happy state, fall and expulsion from paradise; because the woman Eve stole and ate the forbidden fruit! The first persecution and murder for religion, the lapse into sin, which brought on the destruction of the world by a deluge of water; the miraculous salvation of Noah and his family in the wonderful ark; the production of the heavenly sign of the rainbow, and God's merciful promise not to destroy the world again by water, but to burn it like a dried clod with fire; the cursing of Ham, which made the Æthiopian black, woolly-headed and insensible; the call of Abraham; the mighty kingdom, murders, robberies, and other atrocities, the splendour, captivity, restoration and final dispersion of the Jews; the promise of the Messiah, and finally the birth of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, the prince of peace and redeemer of the world, whose devoted servants and humble *unworthy* ministers they were, sent by him to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy and eternal salvation unto all men, through grace and faith in the Lord Jesus and the blood of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. To these stories, which, to be sure, are something dark, mysterious and unintelligible to men of information and any thing like cultivated sense, the simple and credulous natives of the Isles listened with wondering attention, and thought themselves blest in hearing such strange narratives. They devoured the tales with all the voracity of ignorant wonder-hunters. They repeated them to each other with scrupulous imbecility. They relied on the text, were taught the dread of deviating from the sacred original; believed the whole fable an eternal truth; imagined the vagabond Missionaries inspired men, and paid them a respect approximating to adoration. The well-chosen teachers of the mission began to work on their own bottom; to speak from the fulness of their own understanding; to comment on the holy text; to descend from theory to practice; to realise the blessings of the gospel dispensation; to show the true worth of rectified Christianity; for here was an excellent soil, unadulterated with a variety of creeds, and a people docile, curious, and wishing for information. As there was no dogmatic rule given to them from the superiors, they must act according to the quantity of their own wisdom. From their extreme ignorance, stupidity, and bigotry, the Missionaries were reduced some degrees below the barbarians whom they taught. They were unable to form any rational code or mode of proceeding; their discourse was incon-



grous, desultory, unmeaning, and inconclusive, and they inculcated the pernicious and imposing principles of contemptible levelling. They taught that all men are born free, and that subordination to any other power but that of the Lord Jesus and the Lord Jehovah was foul, false, and idolatrous: that, in the eye of Omnipotence, all were alike, and that to obey the commands of any man was to become a slave to sin against God; to relinquish salvation and to incur the penalty of damnation hereafter. In short, the only ideas which the Missionary fools seemed to have were a confused notion of the absurd, equalizing principle, called levelling, and which they only knew, from the ravings of the devout, or rather deceitful railer against Deism; for they never dreamed of the Materialists, and only saw the Anti-christ at a distance, through the phantasmagorian medium of the Apocalyptic telescope. Upon these principles, they harangued the people, never remembering what they said at first, often contradicting the first with the last part of their discourse. They gave lectures, but their forte was prayer, where digressive piety can roam, and the devotion of shut or turned up eyes, and repeated O Lords! declare the sentiments and vouch for the sanctity of the preacher. The King and the Chiefs paid very little attention to the prophets, at first; but let the people, the women in particular, listen and edify by the fervid exhortations of the divine Missionaries. The deluded natives heard, for the first time, with wonder, that they were slaves; that their gracious king was a tyrant; their chiefs his tools and oppressors; all power and authority usurpation, and that mankind without the assistance of the Lord Jesus must be damned to all eternity. Some of the Chiefs, from time to time, went to hear the doctrines delivered by the sages, and found themselves bewildered, between their ancient customs, the new duties of faith, belief, and obedience imposed on them. The curious Christian arithmetic of one being three, and three being one, the metaphysics of the Roman Catholic Church; the predestination of the Presbyterians, and the consubstantiation of the law-established Church, were so jumbled together by the learned Missionaries, that they puzzled the poor natives; and as they must believe or be damned, the least they could do was to doubt, and when the Chiefs began to doubt, the common slaves began to rebel. Before the coming of the Missionaries to Owyhee, the people were happy; but after their descent on the Island, the case was altered "with a wanion." Happiness forsook the shore; for it is the principal business and chief end of religion to destroy all earthly felicity, harmony, love, order, and fellowship, and to substantiate in their stead, doubt, disorder, hatred, malice, strife, and discord.

After the devout priests had told the aforesaid stories, they began to make inferences, to frame doctrines, and to establish a mode of true worship, not to be deviated from under pain



of eternal damnation. They taught that all mankind were originally alike, that all men were born free, and that the King and the meanest of his subjects were equal in the eye of Omnipotence:—that he sinned equally against God and Nature, who paid any homage to his brother of the dust—a thing made of clay—a worm of the earth; full of vanity, sin, and wickedness; fit only to be damned; and only to be saved from eternal damnation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. To believe in their doctrine was life eternal; to disbelieve, to doubt, or differ from them, was to incur the wrath of God, to forfeit heaven, and to be cast into eternal hell for ever and ever! The people doubted, murmured, maddened, disputed, grew as wild as pigs in windy weather, and went crazy in thinking on their eternal salvation. They refused obedience to their Chiefs; called the King a tyrant, and bowed the head, and bent the knee, at the name of the Lord Jesus. The undaunted Missionaries supported the principles of their disciples; the Chiefs began to remonstrate with the King, to question his authority, and deny obedience. The chain of order was broken; the natural and easy subordination, which had existed from time immemorial, and which preserved social harmony and peaceable fellowship among the Islanders, was destroyed; and from peaceable and kind-hearted savages, they became litigious, clamorous, disorderly; rebels void of rule, insolent, indolent, careless; imitating as much as they could the example, and following the precepts of their heavenly instructors. The contamination of religion pervaded their mind, and the inconsistent nonsense and mixed jargon of the preachers annihilated their reason; destroyed the natural sweetness of their temper; soured their disposition, and bewildered their understanding. The monarch beheld this for some time with marks of infinite grief and disappointment. The magnanimous savage made every allowance which a good temper and an excellent judgment could find in favour of the depraved gang which infested him; but, at length, the anarchy became alarming and unbearable, and longer to have remained a silent spectator, would have been both dangerous and criminal. He boldly summoned his chiefs, his people, and the priests of the holy mission to council. On the day appointed, they all assembled at the palace, and the King came out among them in his war dress, literally in armour and armed. His countenance was mild, but serious and determined. No violent rage or anger was apparent; he looked rather sad, and leaning on his war club, was not a bad representative of the Hercules Farnese resting from his labours. He addressed the following speech to his auditors.—

“ My good people, I lament the cause of our present meeting, more than any difficulty or danger I ever encountered in my life. As for you, my own people, I am sorry for you, and for this time impute your follies and errors to myself. I only am in fault. I only am to blame. But I was deceived. I am greatly disap-

pointed, and my heart is sad. To you, my own people, I, at present, have nothing more to say; hereafter, you shall have my opinion, my advice, and my commands. But to you, O strangers! what shall I say? From you I expected much; I did every thing I could for your comfort and happiness; I upbraid ye not with it; I did but my duty; I exercised only the hospitality of our fathers; perhaps I expected too much from you; for I find that you are little men. I have freely given you indulgences. I take them not away from you, and I only now request one thing at your hands—live in peace with yourselves, speak no evil of one another.\* Let my people alone, and I command you to preach no more, or woe betide you?"

The monarch's countenance exhibited unquestionable marks of sorrow and restraint, and he was about to dissolve the parliament, when the delegates of heaven stepped forth, if not with intrepid resolution, at least, with impudent clamour and fearlessness, for they had nothing yet to fear, and catterwauled with insolent importunity to be heard. The discreet and sensible savage commanded attention, and desired one of them to speak with the boldness of truth, and the confidence of security. All being seated, an inspired orator stood up and held forth. He told them, that he had before fully explained the doctrines of the Lord Jesus unto them. He had now the sorrowful task to declare and relate, that such had always been the case with the messengers of God, the prophets, and the preachers of the gospel. They had been abused, persecuted, imprisoned, and put to death, by proud and wicked tyrants, yet the divine word grew and spread in spite of opposition, in the midst of dangers, even of death. He recounted the miracles of the Old and New Testament; the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den; the fire-proof triumvirate; the warning hand; the tale of Bel and the Dragon; Jonah in the whale's belly, and concluded a long harangue with a firm declaration of preaching in spite of all mortal opposition, a steadfast reliance on the will and power of God, and a determined resolution, fearlessly to proceed and deserve, if not obtain, the glorious crown of martyrdom. The King heard him out and stood up:—

"Hear me," said he, "this one time, and believe me; for no man knows me, and doubts my veracity. Your stories are very entertaining; but I do not understand them. I do not know why God Almighty should send out his messengers to preach for people's good, and then let the bad men kill them all. I do not know what kind of a beast a lion is, nor can I conceive how men could live in the fire, or in a whale's belly. I do not know who threw down and broke the wooden men; but it might have been

\* Native information. The holy missionaries were grievously given to the pernicious Christian vice of backbiting, evil speaking, lying, and slandering each other by way of currying of favour with the king.



done by somebody let in privately in the night. This I will say, and I promise, on the word of a man and a king, to abide by it; if you perform one miracle before me, by way of example, I will believe in all the rest. Jump off the high rock yonder into the sea and come on shore again safe, and I will then worship you and your God, and you shall do as you please, right or wrong, without hindrance."

Here the Missionary stood up and told him, that the age of miracles was past. God had revealed his all-sufficient word, and they who heard and believed would be saved—they who heard it and would not repent and believe, would be damned; and preach he must, for such was the will of God.

"Then, as sure as you do," said the exasperated monarch, "I will myself throw you one after another from the top of yon rock into the sea, and your God may save you if he can; but I know he cannot, and you will not trust in him, nor provoke me more. But now live in peace if you can, and speak not ill of each other. You are all alike to me, rest here and torment not my people. Before ye came, they were good people. You have made some of them bad men; but they will grow good again, when you leave off preaching. Do so, and remain with us, or depart with the first ship which comes here. Retire, the Taboo is laid on for six days! Depart in silence!"

They obeyed, and the *Word of God* has not disturbed the Island since. Out of five and twenty preachers only three remained. They saw that the people were mild, kind, and simple; the climate fine; the soil good, and the country pleasant, they forsook religion, turned to industry, became happy, and, like Friar Giroflee, cultivated their garden, and were honest men.

As we are at Owyhee, in the Missionary service, the story of Captain Cook's death merits some attention. Captain Cook was not directly one himself, but he was the voice of one crying among the Islands, prepare the way, for the kingdom of the Missionaries is at hand. He was sent out to the south seas in peaceable times, to find entertainment and amusement for the gaping, curious, stupid aristocracy, as the great Captain Parry is now dispatched to seek an open seaway amid mountains of ice, perpetual frost, and irreclaimable sterility, and returns to promulge the happy discovery of the loss of one ship, and the narrow, and, no doubt, providential escape of the others, with certain curious specimens of red snow, and some bits of stone much like those found in Wales, &c. Captain Cook, and the people of Owyhee, were filled with wonder at the sight of each other. He wondered like a savage to find them so civil; and they wondered, like sages staring at a comet, where he came from. A friendly intercourse, however, took place between them, and mutual benefits accrued, which, had the immortal circumnavigator been endowed with common sense, might have been highly advantageous to the natives,



an honour to himself, and a credit to his country. I shall not enter into the dull and puerile particulars which preceded his death. He brought on himself his own destruction, by his own folly, pride, and stupid bigotry. One day, in their place of worship, a long square containing some rude wooden images which the natives respected from custom, and if they did not adore them, they were at least held in great veneration, and seriously considered as the pledges of their safety and general felicity. These, the hero of discovery gave them to understand, were insignificant, useless, and helpless Idols; and to convince the natives of their imbecility and weakness, their incapacity to prevent evil or inability to do good, he boldly drew his hanger, like Don Quixote, attacked the puppets, and bravely lopped an arm from one of the wooden representatives of deity. The people were dismayed at his temerity, and struck with horror at such unprecedented sacrilege. The priests humbly placed themselves between their Gods and the desperate weapon of their enemy, and supplicated him to spare their helpless deities. His own officers interfered, and the wooden Almightyies were preserved from the sword.\* A boat was taken away from the Buoy at which she was riding. What could equal this daring and atrocious crime? Robbing, insulting the dignity of the crown, and the honour of the British Flag. It was neither to be overlooked, nor forgiven. It must not be let pass with impunity. The savages must be taught lessons of respect to His Majesty's flag. The boats were manned with armed men; the marines, regularly accoutred, were ordered on shore service, and a descent was made on the Island at Caracakooa Bay. The magnanimous hero, was conscious of his own strength, ready resources, and the weak and defenceless state of the naked barbarians. He boldly landed on the beach, and was proceeding to the village to demand satisfaction for the theft and imaginary insult, to propose terms, and exhibit his superiority. His confidence was heightened too by the possession of a native chief kept on board the Resolution, but his progress was impeded by a trifling occurrence. Before the boats put off for the shore, a chief, who, unconscious of any design or latent mischief, had come on board in a friendly manner as usual, was puzzled by curious questions and arrogant interrogations, and terrified by menaces, gestures, and loud language, and lastly made a prisoner, and detained on board as an hostage, to insure the safety of the commander, who was going to land. After the boats left the ships, the vigilant and intrepid savage, who imagined that something extraordinary was going on, took a favourable opportunity, jumped overboard, and

\* It is worth a note, that savage and civilized, although they all agree in the omnipotence, and in the indestructibility of their respective Gods, betray, with equal inconsistency, a dread of their being degraded, insulted, injured, or annihilated, by weak mortals. The Jew's attack on Carlile's God is a true libel on Jehovah.

swam directly for the nearest shore. He landed; reported how he had been treated; spread the alarm; raised the hue and cry; roused the natives, and filled them with the idea, that the sons of the water and sky were coming on shore to destroy their Gods; take the Islands, and to carry away or kill all the people. The report of danger was the signal for resistance; all armed, and he who went forth had only one alternative, to repel the invaders, or to die. Defeat and death were synonymous, in the minds of these brave and generous people, and by these ideas they have maintained the independence of their savage state. Such must be the sentiments of every nation, savage or civilized, which wills to be free. The progress of the captain and a few followers was interrupted by the distinct though distant sight of the armed warriors, advancing deliberately in a compact body to meet their fate; and though their gods could yield them no succour, they were determined to defend them to the last extremity. That *amor patriæ* and *amor deorum*—that *libertas et natalis solum*, which has been basely put to, and which has stood the test of invidious ridicule; that *je ne sçai quoi* of humanity, which teaches us to prefer barren wilds and rugged sterile mountains to cultivated plains and fertile fields, led or impelled them onward to contend for their country, with a god; for such they, in their unadulterated simplicity and ignorance, considered Captain Cook. He paused, and his prudence dictated a retreat. They who were with him fled, and gained the boats by swimming to them. I will not attempt to divest the captain of personal courage; for that, and the virtues of resolution, perseverance, abstinence, and indefatigable industry, he possessed in an eminent degree. He, therefore, receded calmly, and waved to the boats to advance towards the shore. In the meantime, the natives pressed downwards in a firm phalanx within a few paces of the spot where he stood on the beach. No sign of actual hostility took place, and the natives were in doubt whether to put his immortality to the test of a deadly weapon or not; when a man called Numatyhaw, *the one eyed*, said, I will try if he can bleed, and struck at him, over two or three men, with a *pahoo*. The blow inflicted a wound on the temple. The blood flowed, and the signal of his death was given. He fell beneath innumerable wounds. A fire of musquetry was commenced from the boats. Under the shield of their war mats, the natives retreated backwards, cautiously, in order, up the beach, and left the dead body of Captain Cooke, without pillage, to the care of his friends.\*

Such was the fate of this celebrated man. One observation

\* My statement is not from the historians of the expedition; but all their accounts agree, that the marines were in the boats, and that the death of Captain Cook was occasioned only because the marines were not landed in time to kill all the natives, which would have inevitably prevented him from being killed. What a pity!



only I must make on the subject. The common seamen of the expedition, who, to be sure, were and are of no more consideration than so many bullocks, dogs, or asses, rejoiced, in secret, and some of them openly congratulated each other on his death, which was to them an emancipation from slavery, a reprieve from a harassing, useless duty, incessant labour, hunger, and hardships, toil without profit, and trouble without end. Had he lived, few of them would have returned, and the blow which dispatched him was a stroke of "*divine providence*" in their favour.

These transactions go back and show the progress of the first batch of missionaries sent abroad by the Gospel-mania gang. I shall relate one case more, of a more recent date, and between the extremes, which are, however, nearly parallel cases, a regular mean of disappointed hopes, frustrated endeavours, and selfish plans of emolument and fame, are found to exist only to create disgust and to languish beneath well merited ridicule and contempt. About the year 1820, a compound kind of a mongrel missionary embassy, they are very fond of the word embassy and of combining themselves with royalty; an embassy-gang composed of I forget who, set out from Cape Coast Castle, for the Ashantee country, and arrived at the metropolis of that kingdom, begging an audience from the king of the Ashantees, in the name of his Britannic Majesty George the Fourth. This miserable set-out of trading saints assumed the consequence and importance, and burlesqued the dignity of Royal Ambassadors, and gave themselves such airs as completely disgusted the Royal Negro, who certainly is a sensible man. He, however, received them with fair hospitality, appointed them quarters, promised them an audience, and appointed the day and hour when they would be heard. The day came; but the insignificant fools took so much time to rig out their solemn, silly procession, and marched with such slow steps, such lazy gravity of motion, that the hour of business had long elapsed before they made their appearance at court. They were told that they could not have an audience that day. They resented this highly, as an unpardonable insult to the honour of the British flag, and paraded back in great dudgeon. A Mr. Hutton, the secretary and historian of the gang, was determined to see into the business, and off he went *incog.* to the palace and demanded a private interview with his majesty. The captain of the guard told him that it was as much as his head was worth, to intrude upon the king's privacy and desired the daring secretary to go away. But Mr. H. guaranteed his head and desired him to bear his message to the monarch. He did so, at some risk, and the Royal Savage ordered him to be admitted. He entered the royal apartments, and found his majesty earnestly employed examining very curiously some machinery and mechanical apparatus. The articles in the room are circumstantially specified, and at once gave me a good opinion of the king. He took but little notice of Hutton, for some



time; but, at length without any ceremony, began to speak as to an acquaintance in a very easy familiar manner, about various things and different subjects, and at last begged to know the import of his present visit. The secretary began a formal complaint against the manner in which they had been treated. Their flag had been degraded; the embassy of a great king had been hooted; they had been promised an audience and were deceived; in short, they had been unhandsomely used, and were made laughing-stocks for his black subjects. The king listened to him with profound attention, then with a smile rather of the sardonic order, made the following reply. I expected you sooner and remained waiting for you until dinner time. You came not, and I went to dine. You came while I was at table. Now, I must have spoiled my meal by listening to your palaver, or have kept you two or three hours in the sun. I thought it best to dine and to send you home to do so; and really meant no offence; especially as there was no urgency in your business, and one day would do just as well as another. But now, since you are here, will you tell me candidly the purport of your coming. It shall be nothing to your disadvantage, and we may perhaps come to an understanding without any further trouble; for I hate parade and ceremony.

This was a lesson by which a sensible man would have benefited. He would have seen, at least, that mock pomp and useless ceremony were despised; that the king was either too wise or too ignorant to stoop to vain form and the tirade of unmeaning pageantry: in short that he was above etiquette and studied propriety. This plain dealing completely confounded the learned missionary, who found his privilege of arguing or talking suddenly abridged, the honours of public entry cut off, and the whole state and consequence of the embassy annihilated, to his great mortification and disappointment. Nevertheless, though his pride was hurt, his property might yet be secured, and he began and gave in a statement of his demands, as follows:—

1st. Permission to establish a factory for the purpose of trade, for the mutual benefit and accommodation of the Ashantees and the British nation, meaning their highnesses and excellencies the missionaries.

2nd. Permission to establish schools, build churches, and preach the soul-saving doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ.

3rd. Modestly requested, that his majesty would totally abolish that foul and most penicious traffic the slave trade, which was the disgrace of the world, a dishonour to God, the cause of much war, injustice, bloodshed, and misery.

These he most humbly presumed and ardently hoped would be granted, and that his majesty would be graciously pleased to countenance the present embassy and grant them an exclusive indulgence to trade with his subjects hoping thereby to teach

them their duty to God and man and to raise them to the heights of eternal salvation.

The complacent monarch heard him with attention, then looking at him in doubt, as if considering whether he was more knave than fool, after some serious thinking, replied :

Our trade has been heretofore carried on very fairly without the incumbrance of factories, or the assistance of supercargoes, and there has been no complaint. They would be no advantage to either of us. Besides, I am not sure, that my people would suffer white people to dwell among them. We must consider that. As for establishing schools, that I have been thinking about ; but there I must consult the disposition and consider the good of my people. But building churches and preaching would do us no good ; for I see no kind of benefit arising from the palavering merchants sent to this country from yours. On the contrary, much harm. The people are engaged the best part of their time listening to old stories and nonsense, when they might be much better employed. It brings on bad habits, makes them lazy, fearful and indolent, and when they do work, the missionary preachers contrive to obtain all the profits of the poor black man's labour. As to the abolishing of the slave trade, that is impossible for man to perform ; for what God wills must be done, and, indeed, you have done too much towards it already, but God's will be done. Your plea of humanity and of preventing war by the destruction of the slave trade is fallacious. We have ocular demonstration and experience which make fools wise, to set against your foolish and absurd theory. All the reports you make of us, as far as I can learn are absolutely false, and you either designedly or ignorantly utter untruths. Before the abolition of the slave trade, we had many intervals of quietness and harmony among us ; but ever since that event, we have not enjoyed a moment's peace ! And while your system lasts, we have nothing to expect but war, rapine and bloodshed ! These are my sentiments, and that of all my people. You may return in safety, and I would not have you tarry long.

Reader, judge of the missionary's dread and astonishment. He departed with his head on, and the lesson and the embassy produced a book of travels through about ninety miles of the Interior of Africa, written by Mr. — Hutton, embellished with coloured engravings, in which you will find what I have written and much more. However, remember, Mr. Hutton's book is a vile catch-penny performance, contains little matter in large bulk, and is a complete literary weed.

The king and the whole of the Ashantees, considered the whole set-out of pious pedlars as a most dangerous gang of spies and hypocrites, and it seems, that they had a narrow, or as they would say, a providential escape with their lives. It steals out in the narrative, that the king is an Arab by extraction, a sensible man

and a true mussulman, which accounts for their not being put to death. By their own account, they fled in the night, and the hardships, miseries, and disappointments which they suffered and met, seem to be a judgment on them and a providential punishment for their pride, duplicity and presumption, for the scheming plan of their monopoly, and the frauds they intended to perpetrate. The Ashantee war followed directly on the heels of this embassy, and whatever the rest of the world may do, I care not; but, I impute all the evils attending it, to this dirty, designing missionary visit.

The missionaries now seem to assume the same aspect and character in the world that the Jesuits once did, and with more barefaced impudence, they openly avow their determination to establish an universal religion. With respect to their meetings, no body can do justice to them but themselves. The united powers of wit, humour and ridicule, could not so completely burlesque their sense, language, sentiments and manners, as a simple report of their proceedings. At a meeting lately held at a bedlam chapel, in Greenwich, to the honour of the subscribers the gang looked very well, had on good clothes, clean linen with brooches in their shirts, rings on their fingers, gold chains and bunches of seals.—Some reported the labours they had done and the sufferings they had undergone. Others reported that they were going to perform and to suffer: all begged for God's grace and mercy. At length, they hoisted up a young negro-boy on a stool, and bid him to address the company, which he did in the following pretty simple speech. Quoth Quako gazing round:—"O I wis I had al dese pretty lady in my country, to see my peoples and gif dem money." Vast applause from the simpletons, the whole was an excellent farce.

SHEBAGO.

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TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

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DEAR SIR,

Aberdeen, Dec. 4, 1825.

THE Friends of Free Discussion in Aberdeen, desire to congratulate you on your liberation from the Dorchester Bastile. The cruelties and sufferings which you have been made to undergo, they are convinced will not be in vain. They are of opinion, that your steadiness and honesty as a good man, and the courage and inflexibility, with which you have advocated the principles, which are calculated to uproot superstition and to ameliorate the condition of man, have not been without their influence; even on those in power. We allude to the recent case of Mr. Christopher and the Jew, and to the treatment of the application made against the Christian Evidence Society, &c. In behalf of the Friends of Free Discussion here, I desire to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir, your sincere Friend and Admirer,

GEORGE WEIR.



## REGULATION OF PRICES TO TOWN AND COUNTRY AGENTS.

THERE having been, of late, a variance in our prices, brought about rather by the caprice of others than any of our own, we have resolved to announce, that, with the new year, we shall adopt, in all cases, what are called the regular trade prices. These prices are to allow to the trade a profit of 25 per cent. and give the twenty-fifth book, when that number is taken; so that, in all cases, with the next volume, the trade price of 25 of "The Republican" will be 9s., and we shall not fail to throw the gain into its improvement.

The intended mode of publishing for the Joint Stock Book Company makes this change somewhat imperative, and the greater number of publications which we shall publish in the ensuing year will compensate for the slight loss which some few individuals will meet by this change. Our business has been in a state of confusion, by being driven to two prices, ever since Mr. Cobbett took the wholesale department of publishing his Register into his own hands, and undertook to pay carriage out of the regular trade price. It was Mr. Cobbett, who first deviated from the regular trade price, for, with the exception of catch-penny publications, 25 per cent. was the general, the highest, allowance to the trade. We can do nothing fairly and regularly under the present state of things, and we perceive no fair alternative, but to come up to what is technically termed the Row (Paternoster-row) Prices.

We have now on sale Palmer's Principles of Nature, in large type, stitched, at 3s., and our present collection of his works, in boards, with a portrait, at 5s.

The sheets of "The Koran" are being rapidly printed, and we hope to have the volume completed by the 1st of January. A volume of Clarke's Letters will be also completed with the end of the year in twenty sheets.

Mr. Taylor has published his Oration at 6d. in refutation of Belsham's Evidences of the Christian Religion. A further notice will be taken of this oration, as soon as the editor has sufficient leisure to read it in retirement.

We have also published a table of such writers as have written against superstition, or of such whose names we could collect. The compiler of the table is preparing brief memoirs of such writers. The price of this table is on a fine drawing-paper, nine-pence, on a common paper, six-pence. The profits, or rather the author's returns, are given to the moral blasphemers confined in Newgate.